



THE
FARMER'S RETURN
FROM
LONDON.





(6)

THE
FARMER'S RETURN
FROM
LONDON.
— IN App. [Misc] —
AN
INTERLUDE.

As it is PERFORMED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for WILLIAM SMITH, at the HERCULES,
in Dame-street.
MDCC LXII.

THE

AMERICAN MUSEUM

OF

ARTS AND

SCIENCE



DUBLIN:

Printed by William Smith, at the Theatre,
in Queen's Street.
MDCCCXXXII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following INTERLUDE was prepared for the Stage, merely with a View of assisting Mrs. *Pritchard* at her Benefit; and the Desire of serving so good an Actress, is a better Excuse for its Defects, than the few Days in which it was written, and represented. Notwithstanding the favourable Reception it has met with, the Author would not have printed it, had not his Friend, Mr. *Hogarth*, flattered him most agreeably, by thinking *The Farmer and his Family* not unworthy of a Sketch of his Pencil. To Him, therefore, this Trifle, which he has so much honoured, is inscribed, as a faint Testimony of the sincere Esteem which the Writer bears him, both as a *Man* and an *Artist*.

P E R-



PERSONS of the INTERLUDE.

FARMER,

Mr. GARRICK.

WIFE,

Mrs. BRADSHAW.

SALLY,

Miss HEATH.

DICK,

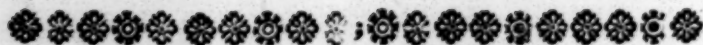
Children,

Master POPE.

RALPH,

Master CAPE.

SCENE, The Farmer's Kitchen.





THE
FARMER'S RETURN
FROM
LONDON.

Enter WIFE [*hastily.*]

WHERE are you, my Children?—
Why Sally, Dick, Raaph!

Enter CHILDREN *running.*

Your Father is come!—Heaven bless him!
and safe.

Enter

Enter FARMER.

O *Jabn!* my Heart dances with Joy thou
art come.

FARMER.

And troth so does mine, for I love thee
and whoam.

[*Kisses.*]

WIFE.

Now kifs all your Children—and now me
agen.

[*Kisses.*]

O bless thy sweet Feace!—for one Kifs,
gi' me ten!

FARMER.

Keep some for anon, Dame—you quoit
stop my Breath:

You kill me wi' Koindness—you buss me
to Death:

Enough, Love!—enough is as good as a
Feeast:

Let's ha' some Refreshment for me and
my Beeast.

Dick,

Dick, get me a Poipe. [*Exit D.*] Raaph,
go to the Mare ;

Gi' poor Wench some Oaats. [*Exit. R.*]
Dame, reach me a Chair !

Sal, draw me some Aal, to wash the Dirt
down,

Exit Sal.]

And then, I will tell you—of London fine
Town.

[*Sits down.*]

W I F E.

O *Jahn!* yo've been from me—the Lord
knows how long !

Yo've been with the False Ones,—and
done me some Wrong :

F A R M E R.

By the Zooks but I han't—so hold thy
Fool's Tongue.

Some *Tittups* I saw, and they maade me
to stare !

Trick'd noice out for Saale, like our
Cattle at Fair :

B

So

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So tempting, so fine !—and i' cod very }
cheap— }

But, *Bridget*, I know, as we sow we must }
reeap, }

And a cunning old ram will avoid rotten }
sheep. }

[*Enter Dick, with a Pipe and a Candle,*
and Sal, with some Ale.]

W I F E.

But *London*, dear *Jahn*!

F A R M E R.

Is a fine hugeous City!
Where the Geese are all Swans, and the
Fools are all witty.

W I F E.

Did you see ony Wits?

F A R M E R.

I look'd up and down,
But 'twas Labour in vain—they were all
out of Town.

I ask'd

I ask'd for the Maakers o' News, and such
Things !

Who know all the Secrets of Kingdoms,
and Kings!

So busy were they, and such Matters
about,

That six Days in the Seven they never
stir out.

Koind Souls ! with our Freedom they
maake such a Fuss,

That they lose it themselves to bestow it
on us.

W I F E.

But was't thou at Court, *John*?—What
there hast thou seen ?

F A R M E R.

I saw 'em—Heav'n blest 'em!—you know
whom I mean.

I heard their Healths pray'd for—agen
and agen,

With Proviso that *One* may be sick now
and ten.

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Some Looks speak their Hearts, as it
were with a Tongue—

O Dame!—I'll be damn'd, if they e'er
do us Wrong :

Here's to 'em—bless 'em boath—do you
take the Jug ;

Woud't do their Hearts good—I'd swallow
the mug.

[*Drinks.*]

Come, pledge me, my Boy. [*To Dick.*]
—Hold, Lad,—haft nothing to
say ?

DICK.

Here, Daddy,—Here's to 'em!

[*Drinks.*]

FARMER.

Well said, Dick, Boy !

DICK.

Huzza !

WIFE.

W I F E.

What more did'st thou see, to beget Ad-
miraation?

F A R M E R.

The City's fine Show,—but first the
Crownation!

'Twas thof all the World had been there
with their Spoufes;

There was Street within Street, and Houses
on Houses!

I thought from above, (when the Folk
fill'd the Pleaces)

The Streets pav'd with Heads, and the
Walls made of Feaces!

Such Justling and Bustling!—'twas worth
all the Pother.

—I hope, from my Soul, I shall ne'er see
another.

S A L.

S A L.

Dad, what did you see at the Pleays, and
the Shows ?

F A R M E R.

What did I see at the Pleays and the
Shows ?

Why Bouncing and Grinning, and a
Pow'r of fine Cloaths :

From Top to the Bottom 'twas all 'Chant-
ed Ground !

Gold, Painting, and Music, and Blaazing
all round !

Above 'twas like *Bedlam*, all roaring and
rattling !

Below, the fine Folk were all curts'ying
and pratling :

Strange Jumble together—*Turks, Chris-
tians, and Jews !*

—At the Temple of Folly, all croud to
the Pews.

Here too doizen'd out, were those seame
freakish Ladies,

Who.

Who keep open Market—tho' Smuggling
their Treade is.

I saw a new Pleay too—they call'd it *The
School*—

I thought it pure Stuff—but I thought like
a Fool—

'Twas *The School of*—pize on it!—my
Mem'ry is naught—

The Greaat ones dislik'd it—they heate
to be taught :

The *Cratticks* too grumbled—I'll tell you
for whoy,

They wanted to laugh—and were ready
to croy.

W I F E.

Pray what are your *Cratticks*?

F A R M E R.

Like Watchmen in Town,
Lame, feeble, half-blind, yet they knock
Poets down.

Life

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Like old Justice *Wormwood*,—a Crattick's
a Man,
That can't sin himself,—and he heates
those that can.
I ne'er went to *Opras*!—I thought it too
grand,
For *poor* Folk to like what they don't un-
derstand.
The top Joke of all, and what pleas'd me
the moast,
Some Wife ones and I sat up with a
Ghoast.

WIFE and CHILDREN.

A Ghoast! [*Starting.*]

FARMER.

Yes, a Ghoast!

WIFE.

I shall swoond away, Love!

FAR-

F A R M E R.

Odzooks!—thou'rt as bad as thy Betters
above!

With her Nails, and her Knuckles, she
answer'd so noice!

For *Yes* she knocked *Once*, and for *No* she
knock'd *Twice*.

I ask'd her *one* Thing—

W I F E.

What Thing?

F A R M E R.

If yo', Dame, was true?

W I F E.

And the poor Soul knock'd *One*.

F A R M E R.

By the Zounds, it was *Two*.

D

W I F E.

W I F E.

I'll not be abus'd, *Jabn.* [Cries.]

F A R M E R.

Come, prithee no Croying.
The Ghoast, among Friends, was much
giv'n to Loying.

W I F E.

I'll tear out her Eyes—

F A R M E R.

I thought, Dame, of matching
Your Neails against hers—for you're both
good at *scratching*.
They may talk of the Country, but, I
say, in Town,
Their Throats are much woider, to swal-
low Things down.

I'll

I'll uphold, in a Week—by my Troth I
don't joke—

That our little *Sal*—shall fright all the
Town Folk.

Come, get me some Supper—But first let
me peep

At the rest of my Children—my Calves,
and my Sheep.

[*Going.*]

W I F E.

Ah! *Jahn*!

F A R M E R.

Nay, chear up—let not Ghoasts
trouble thee—

Bridget! look in thy Glass—and *there*
thou may'st see,

I defie mortal Man—to maake Cuckold
o' me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The E N D.

